

melt into my core

by Anguish of My Love

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-02-06 10:17:38

Updated: 2014-02-06 10:17:38

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:42:33

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 6,547

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jack is dead and Hiccup brings him back to life as a wax sculpture. (Quite literally.) (Although it wasn't what he meant to do.)

1. How it Started

As an artist, Hiccup was fairly good with an array of materials. He was professionally a clay maker but he was intimate with charcoal and he'd started out with wood before he discovered the beauty of clay.

It'd been North who'd directed him to wax, the person who practically manhandled Hiccup into being who he was now, when he'd seen the male's affinity for figures and humans. He'd hardly made much wax figures, as expensive and excruciating process as it is, but North had gotten into it a period of his life and he'd treated Hiccup was as much gusto as he did with everything and Hiccup loved the figure, as tough as the love had been. He'd tried, he did, but he barely managed to make more than two wax sculptures, often ending the process with the first clay sculpture and never getting around to the molding.

But here he was now, smoothing out the cheeks of a clay head he'd just finished slaving on for who knows how long with a thumb, with an itch telling him to search for North. An itch he knew he was going to scratch because he'd always been weak against Jack's smile, much more now.

He'd started the sculpture after waking up from the nth dream Hiccup had of him. They were on the couch and, as Jack normally did, he'd strong-armed Hiccup into cuddling, his back pressed tight to the taller's front. It had probably been a long day for Jack, what with him spending more time nuzzling and rubbing his hands along Hiccup's chest than actually paying attention to the screen. He huffed and huffed throughout, blowing air through his nose in pleasure and contentment and Hiccup could feel Jack's smile pressing along his

skin. It was to the memory of its warmth that Hiccup brought out a block of clay and shaped Jack's face. He'd spent too long trying to make it as perfect as he could, the arch of his nose, the way his cheeks caved inside from the bottom of cheekbones, and trying to shape his hair as perfect as it could be with clay. He punched into his ears and lovingly brought out his eyes and if he'd just close his own, he can imagine the freckles dusting lightly along his face.

He heaved a sigh and looked for a cup of noodles. He'd make the decision tomorrow morning.

* * *

><p>North always talked in bellows, boisterous and hearty. He was the kind of man you imagined laughing deep and loud, a hand holding his big belly. The kind of man that made you question whether you wanted to fear him or love him. An overall massive teddy bear with the features of an actual mountain bear. Hiccup always forgot how intense the man could be until he greeted the sculptor with loud cackles and the enthusiasm of a child. Hiccup was well-acquainted with intensity, but North's was an entirely different kind than what he was used to.<p>

North was near mighty on a normal day but when he learned Hiccup was interested in making a wax sculpture, the man's gusto increased at least threefold. He steered Hiccup into his studio and kept steering him towards where the materials for casting. He's gesturing about using as much clay as he needed for the figure and to take as long as he needed deciding on what he wanted.

"Uhm, actually," Hiccup finally cut in, "I have the first part of the figure done." He peeled off the paper he'd been using to cover the head North had managed to not notice as he was talking and gestured to the now hardened sculpture.

North stopped short at the sight, drawing out an, "oh," and looked back up at one of his favorite 'students'. He commented, "I see," in an understanding noise, and nodded his head as if in affirmation. "I should not be surprised, Hiccup. You were nothing if not compassionate."

Hiccup looked away and cleared his throat, rocking on his heels and drumming his fingers in clear unease. He'd long since gotten used to the weight that grew on his chest at the hint of Jackson Overland, he figured it came with the fact that he rarely let himself cry, but it made the sudden drop no less easier even with the anticipation that came with it. North abruptly begun ushering him and demanded Hiccup use North's clay for the rest of the body, the man had far too much blocks to know what to do with (which was a lie neither of them felt the need to point out on). They both knew how long making a wax figure could take but they both knew North would be nothing but adamant that Hiccup take however long he saw fit to make the sculpture. Hiccup couldn't even bring himself to pretend he wanted to insist otherwise.

North barely let Hiccup get comfortable before heading away toâ€"well, Hiccup barely knew what. He placed the head on the table and didn't know whether he wanted Jack to face his way or not.

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><p>The first was the width of Jack's shoulders to his ribs. One thing that Hiccup appreciated about Jack's body was the odd mixture of strength and thinness. There was no denying the muscles that developed in areas along his upper body, firm if not blatant bulges along his arms and a clear sign of pecs, but even so, his arms were thin and his torso thinned downward to a small waist and getting even thinner to what Hiccupâ€"very lovinglyâ€"called Jack's chicken legs.<p>

The upper part of Jack's torso was the best show of strength Jack could possibly have, if not the hard edge of his jaw (that amusingly, at certain angles, tapered off to softness and frailty in that lovely juxtaposition Jack's body loved to show). He pressed and evened across the span of the clay, trying to capture each hollow and curve and, just like how it'd been when he shaped Jack's face, the ache and ease warred inside his own chest. The hours blurred together and he wasn't sure if he spent more time on the torso than he did on Jack's face, the familiarity of Jack's face both making it easier and harder to work with.

He spent (a few? More?) days trying to make it perfect and North insisted on having Hiccup sleep on the couch of the studio. Hiccup wouldn't deny that the idea was good and for those nights, he couldn't remember his dreams but they felt good. When he'd finally finished the torso, spending the remaining time left of the day heating the clay into hardness, something akin to satisfaction settled in his chest and while the night was not as peaceful as those previous spent in North's studio, it wasn't as hard as before.

* * *

><p>The next were the arms, the slightest definition in them but the elbow and wrist bone protruding much like how Hiccup's own did. He slaved on the sculpture's hands, trying to get every knob correct and carefully bringing out the veins on the back of Jack's hands. He had them loose but open wide, Jack's fingers spread out as if the man was always ready to reach for something. When Hiccup was near done with them, he couldn't help but slide across the clay, imagining it as another's skin, rough in a way different from his own and a cool not usual for a man, but chilling in the best way. It was hard with the texture of the material and the heat that came from constant manipulating of a sculptor's hands.<p>

The next was the bottom half of the trunk and he constantly added and took out from the sides of the clay to make it fit perfectly to the upper part. This was where Jack's front tapered off to a small waist. He carved the slightest hint of muscle on Jack's stomach, and he brought out the v that led to the crotch, barely flushing from the possible promiscuity, but he molded out where a hint of ribs always jolted out. Jack's spine was curved to perfect posture and he grazed his fingers along the dip where the bone was supposed to be.

Time became abstract to him, minutes distorting into hours distorting into days. He'd more often than not stayed in North's studio, telling himself it was to allow more time for the shaping and only half-believing it. He'd wondered sometimes, on nights where he couldn't sleep but couldn't bring himself to get up, if North would be so giving if he knew how much comfort Hiccup was already finding in the barely-made sculpture but he refused to dwell on it too hard,

pushing everything away because he deserved this, didn't he? He _did_.

It was when he reached the crotch area of the sculpture that he finally let himself be affected, caught between embarrassment and amusement. He could hear Jack's taunts and teases as he shaped and refined the clay's cock, almost fumbling along the process of it, but trying and trying to persevere through it. The rear was hardly any better but he couldn't help but let out a breathy chuckle, short but amused, when he dug on the clay to bring out the dimples barely hinted above Jack's butt.

Finally he reached the legs, thin and bony as they are, first until just below the knee, and then the lower part, and finally the feet. Jack's legs were long, not so long, but because of the small width of them, they seemed all the more endless, especially with the fact that they hadn't yet been connected to the rest of Jack's body. After a week or two (or three) of working, Hiccup breezed through the bottom of the knee to the ankle with hardly a thought that veered away from the sculpture. He didn't know how long it'd been since he last devoted every part of his body, physical or emotional or mental or otherwise, into his work like this, literally pouring his entire self to each vein, each knob, each bulge. He pressed and kneaded and smoothed, moving with his entire body and sometimes, with the brunette barely noticing it, North would stay at the opening and watched Hiccup's body contort with each motion. He'd always known the potential nestled inside Hiccup's chest and he was both proud and afraid for his student at that moment.

It was whenever he heated that Hiccup would imagine Jack come alive. Or well, be brought back again. Pressed along Hiccup's side and possibly watching the clay heat, or watch Hiccup watch, or do something else entirely, not!Jack was there waiting with him. Sometimes the nonentity would talk and sometimes he would not, but it was in those moments that he became even more sure with his choice of medium. He wanted nothing less than a figure as alive as it could ever get when it's real model was buried six feet under the ground.

It was when Hiccup took the feet from the kiln that not!Jack crooned, "almost there, Hic."

* * *

><p>Even with that, he slept in, almost half the day was spent with Hiccup unconscious on his bed. He woke up bleary-eyed and out of sorts at one in the afternoon with the sunlight missing his face by a scant amount of inches and warming the area of his neck down to his mid-chest. His subconscious dream was a mess, a mixture of what seemed to be a fight, a day spent being lazy at the foot of the couch and a sheet draped over them, and a startling shade of near-black.<p>

North helped him in carrying the figures to the molders. They were kept in boxes, stuffed inside with styrofoam to keep the figures safe. Hiccup chose not to mention those, the foam cut and curved for the figures, he knew that if he let North, the man would have done this part of the process all by himself. He touched the older's forearm where his deep red-orange button down was rolled up, right where the tattooed U was. North pressed a hand down his shoulder in

response.

As he had expected, the time he spent waiting for the molds to finish was spent listlessly, mostly trying to catch up on workâ€”and he knew that North basically manned everything while he spent weeks committing himself to this project, possibly with the help of Gobber, and he wondered what he did to deserve this people. He chose not to think of the elephant that had been taking over his entire life ever since he woke up from that dream of Jack's smile.

The other sculptures he tried making were all flawed, produced by hands that were distracted and hands that didn't want to do much else but give their all to Hiccup's project. His fingers fumbled their way through the wood, making little cuts that shouldn't have happened, and not!Jack sitting near him throughout the time spent not-doing. Not!Jack was silent the whole period, one leg propped up and the other hanging loosely on the table while Hiccup worked, and both legs crossed in front of the sculptor when he was in bed, leaning against the headboard.

North was to bring the molds back and Hiccup didn't bother resisting, even if that meant all the more time left on his own with not!Jack never looking away.

* * *

><p>As few times as he ever tried wax sculpting, it was the waxing itself that he liked the least. As a sculptor, one of the things he loved best about bringing something to life was how intimate he was with his creations, each carve and each mold and each stroke as personal as he could ever be with them. The pouring and mixing and waiting for the wax to dry was as mundane as it could get and as impersonal as he ever could be with his sculptures. The waxing required as much devotion as any other part of the process, making sure everything was perfect and the waxes were dealt with accordingly, but it wasn't the same as feeling the figure come alive with his own hands. It was one of the reasons why he wasn't as taken to wax sculpting, spending so much time on his sculpture without spending time with it. But it hardly mattered, and even if North was willing to do this part for him, he wasn't going to allow him. This part was as vital as it could be in the sculpting and he refused that it be at somebody else's hands.

But he was thankful for the reprieve he finally got from not!Jack. As dreary as it was, it was better feeling monotonous than feeling the stare of a hallucination.

It got better when he'd finally opened the molds and took the figures out. He didn't know if he'd ever get over the texture of the sculpture. As much as he loved clay, it hardened and became brittle and as perfect and human as the figure was, a single touch can shatter the illusion. Wax had a certain softness to it, a certain smoothness, and even though it was still hard and it was oily in a way skin wouldn't be, it was so much closer to human than clay could ever hope to be. He glided his fingers across the wax head and he thought wistfully about those wax figures with their glass eyes and their perfected wigs. He fingered through the eyes and hair that duplicated poorly the ones in real life.

He set out to carve and fix the wax right, digging in and carving out

the details he didn't add in the clay, knowing that it would be better to carve them into the wax itself, fixing the blemishes from the molding. It brought a smile to his face, hesitant and the slightest bit sardonic, but a smile nonetheless, and things slotted into place and the not-peace took over his being.

Heating and piercing the parts together required nearly more effort than perfecting the wax parts themselves, unused to the act of gluing them together seamlessly, but he would not lie and said that seeing the lines between two parts disappear in the heating caused something to happen to his chest. He spent much too long in this part but he would not settle for anything but as perfect as it could be. He carved into the figures after locking them together, trying to perfect each vain, and he felt through the wax through each sweep.

When the last foot was locked into place, he didn't give any time to looking at it as a whole, knowing that doing so will keep him there for hours. He ignored the tug in his chest and faceplanted to the couch, digging into the cushion and losing himself to sleep with hardly a thought.

* * *

><p>Even waking up, he refused to look at the sculpture. He scrutinized it come morning, gauged how good it was and the parts that needed fining, but he didn't let it get past clinical. He knew if he looked at it in the eyes of Hiccup and not Hamish Haddock, III, he would just carve and carve and carve, he would never be satisfied. He also knew this was just one reason why he refused to look at the sculpture. That was why he didn't let himself think before heading to North as soon as heâ€"sculptor he, at the very leastâ€"was satisfied. Didn't let himself think before heading to his car and letting North deal with bringing Jack to his home.

He'd assumed that the time alone would be intruded by not!Jack, but the air was quiet and Hiccup was left to drive and get into his studio almost subconsciously. He waited with bated breath.

North seemed to understand the state Hiccup was inâ€"would Hiccup even be surprised anymoreâ€"and he let himself in, hauling the figure in and placed it in front of Hiccup. It was at the _thud!_ that Hiccup's gaze sharpened and saturated and _there_, there was Jack. Or, and Hiccup stepped closer, a wax representation of his Jack. His lips twisted to a sarcastic smile and he brushed his knuckles along the figure's collarbone. Idly, he wondered if he should give the figure Jack's clothes but he'd hardly let the thought any attention before losing himself at the figure. North had long since vanished from his focus from when he put the sculpture down.

Hiccup stared at the figure, eyes looking at lifeless eyes. He thought that they could have been better, could have been fined with more care, could have been made with more details, could have just been _more_â€"which was absurd, because he knew it couldn't be more, not anymore, not if he wanted to spend his life trying to achieve that more. But he was looking at Jack, as poor of a representation as it was, and he felt a sad smile tugging up his lips. He put a hand on the figure's cheekbone lightly, feeling the waxy texture against the callouses on his fingers. He pressed harder and rubbed a thumb along the underside of the sculpture's eye, imagining that he can still

smooth the surface into perfection. He didn't notice it right away but then, the wax started dripping down his palm and into the hollow of his wrist and he gasped, yanking his hand away.

"Oh no no no no," he chanted, scrubbing away the wax along his palm furiously. He felt his chest squeeze, all that hard work and patience and care melting away and his eyes flew back up to his waxy Jack. His heart stopped.

There, where he placed his hand, was a color that wasn't supposed to be found in the wax. Not the white or slightly yellow-y tint that should be found in figures left unpainted. He could see the faintest sign of the color of skin, pale and the slightest bit pink.

There were the faintest hints of freckles.

He dug his nails at the wax and scratched, trying to get to that skin—ignoring the voice in his head saying that this isn't Jack's skin, too pale, not the same not the same—but he was only slightly effective. He furrowed his eyebrows and pressed his palm again, below the hole the wax made, and the coating melted under his skin. There was more skin, more light spots scattered along the pale expanse and he brought up his other hand. He pressed along the other side of the wax's face again, and wax dripped and dripped down to his wrists and making a mess on the floor and along his forearm.

He slid his palms up to the side of his eyes and a path of skin followed his fist up. He skittered to the ears, awkwardly big, and he huffed out a laugh against the strong and loud thudding of his heart.

The loud thudding stumbled when he trailed fingers against the wax's eyes and it melted away into blue and not the chocolate brown he was looking for.

His fingers twitched where they were placed lightly right under where the wax melted into the lashes of the figure's lower eyelid. Those blue eyes flickered for the briefest moment at the movement and Hiccup took in a breath. He gulped and moved along to the arch of the wax nose and along its forehead and temple and the figure's eyes fluttered shut against the wax that was pouring down his face. He hesitated along the hairline and his eyes gazed back down to the other's eyes, those blue eyes peeking when the trails of wax thinned and boring into his own, intense in a way that Hiccup thought he was only half-imagining. Hiccup caught at the bottom edge of his eyes the figure's mouth opening a hair's breadth. He gulped and moved his hands up to the mock-strands.

He looked unseeingly at the glimpse of white where brown was supposed to be. He pushed through the poor attempt at making waxed strands, up to the top, down to the sides, and back where his fingers met each other. White hair dripped wax, slick in its oil and heavy with the liquid. He slid back to the sides of the wax's head, palm resting against its ears but fingers staying on its hair, half buried in its messy white strands. Those surreal blue eyes—and they were, besides the fact that they should be brown, they shone and looked like the strands of a snowflake were peeking from behind the pupil—never left his, even if Hiccup couldn't reciprocate, but it was only then that those thin lips twitch up to a barely there smile.

He slid his hands down his neck, fingers trailing along and bumping against each other at the other's nape. His palms smoothed along the span of the wax's shoulders, fingering each bump and dip, and he followed the path of veins down to waxy fingers, swift in their descent down, and Hiccup hesitated again before feeling along stiff hands. His own hands had long since been covered with the oil of wax, slick and shiny and slippery. The wax was still melting when he felt fingers curl around his, insistent and impatient to wait for the wax to melt all through. Hiccup's eyes shifted everywhere, unwilling to settle on any sight, but he warily turned to those blue eyes, slowly and lacking any sense of certainty. Those lips curled all the more and the head, slick with wax and oil, tilted the barest. He wavered but he could not ignore the way the figure's fingers tangled with his, loose in every way until the figure pushed its palm to his with the slightest pleasure.

His chest squeezed and his lips opened out with a breath. Those eyes were so different but they held the same devotion and warmth his Jack did. His index finger jerked and he untangled one hand, pressing hard unto the chest, where a human's heart would be as he stepped closer to the sculpture.

He watched as the spot warmed and the layer melted under Hiccup's palm, when suddenly a trail of melting wax branched out like a web and he stepped back with a gasp, palm moving away from the skin. The wax man made a soundâ€"distressed, Hiccup's mind madly took note ofâ€"and it sounded so much like Jack, a Jack who needed comfort, a Jack who curled and uncurled his fingers at Hiccup as if silently begging for the smaller's touch, that he instinctively moved back to the figure and pressed his palm flat again on the rapidly melting chest. He watched in awe as the melting branched out quick and fast, like Hiccup's hand over the wax's heart was the key to the inside. He watched as the wax molded and melted and cracked and the liquid making large and heavy trails down a pale naked body. He felt the littlest bit uncomfortable watching the trails, feeling oddly like he was leering.

His body was just as pale as his face suggested and his heart _thud thud thudded _like heavy footsteps of a man wearing thick mountain boots. A hand, just as slick in oil and wax as his was, covered the one placed on a now human, so very humanâ€"even with the chill in its skin, as if a candle left out in the nightâ€"chest, tangling their fingers a lot like how the other pair still were. He looked waveringly at the wax figure, so much like Jack but so _so not_. Until the figure tilted his head even closer to Hiccup's and for the first time _smiled_.

Hiccup's heart made the loudest, most resounding thud yet and he had to wonder how the man in front of him didn't hear its echo. The man, instead, greeted with unnervingly Jack's voice (the figure with Jack's features but not Jack's colors, an exact replica but with a different palette and Hiccup had almost believe the figure's voice would be different) an intimate, "hey," and all Hiccup could respond with was pressing his fingers into slippery, pale pale skin.

* * *

><p>So! I completely forgot I could post this in XD I've been writing a few hijack fics since last year and you can find them all in my AO3 or in Tumblr (under my tag 'writing shenanigans'). I

decided a while ago I was just gonna post a fic here if it was long enough and look at this! It's 4k and including the bonus scene which I'll be uploading shortly, it's 6k and like HOLY SHIT. At least I remembered about this account a day after I posted the bonus scene XD

****Anyway, this was brought on by a skype conversation where I briefly mentioned Jack melting under the sun which immediately equated in my head as wax figure!Jack.****

2. Bonus Scene

Hiccup spent much too long just standing there staring at other!Jack, enough that he couldn't keep referring to the man as a figureâ€”a mere object, no lifeâ€”when the other's chest moved with each breath and he looked at Hiccup with emotions too deep the brunetteâ€”_the only one of the two_, his mind kept repeatingâ€”couldn't fathom it. The other made no signs of discomfort, no matter how long time dragged on, and it didn't enter in Hiccup's mind that he should do much else until his forearms and hands started feeling uncomfortable with the oil and wax cooling against his skin. He stepped back in sudden clarity and other!Jack tightened his hold on both of Hiccup's hands.

Hiccup became strikingly aware of the wax cooling on other!Jack's skin, the pale, _naked_ skin still shining from the oil but the wax hardening to white, stiff trails. He felt a flush travel down to his chest and he tilted his head away from the sight. Disconcerted by how not uneasy the not-sculpture was in his state.

"U-uh," Hiccup stuttered, "I need to wash my hands."

He nearly stumbled in his quest to the sink and other!Jack trailed after him and hovered as he washed the oil away. He scrubbed his skin forcefully, watching the freckles fade against the pink and willfully ignoring the piercing gaze of the other male. But he could only wash his hands and arms for so long, skin starting to ache and sore, and he shook his arms over the sink. He moved awkwardly to look for a towel while the sounds of squelched footsteps followed him like a puppy. He finally turned to other!Jack as he was drying his arms, pressing lightly at the flushed and irritated skin. The man beamed at him and bounced a little on the balls of his feet when he saw Hiccup finally giving him attention and Hiccup fumbled with the towel.

He fiddled with the cloth, looking hopelessly at the slick-skinned male. "Hey, uh, you," he called, unsure of what name he should refer other!Jack, "you should take a shower. To, err, wash away the wax." He cleared his throat. "And the oil."

Other!Jack hummed in response and Hiccup nodded. He turned for the bathroom, and then mentally slapped his forehead because he was in his _studio_ and while there was a tiny bathroom in it, there was definitely no shower or soap or any of those bath items that the white haired man would need to wash away the wax. The studio was right by store, but was not, unfortunately right by his home, and he would have to _drive_ the other male to his home where the shower and soap was.

"Uhm, uh," Hiccup flickered his eyes everywhere, clearing his throat

again awkwardly. Other!Jack stepped closer to him and he nearly squeaked. "U-uh, so we need to get to my apartment to get to the shower and I need to drive you and you're kinda naked right now and that's kind of an indecent display in public and you're also kind of covered in wax and oil which is a _really strange _outer coating when going out andâ€"clothes!"

Other!Jack blinked but laughed and Hiccup altogether ignored him as he searched for anything to cover the still very bare, still completely covered in oil male lingering behind him. He found a hoodie, covered in charcoal and paint, under a stack of newspapers and he yanked it up, making a sound of triumph. It was massive enough that it even draped loosely on other!Jack, a shining collarbone peaking from the hood and Hiccup made a sound from the back of his throat.

He grabbed the damp towel and thrust it to other!Jack. "Wrap it around your waist. I, uh, don't have any pants here."

He resolutely did not look at the other male. And as soon as the other was decent, or as decent as he could possibly be, he headed abruptly for his car, knowing that other!Jack would follow him enthusiastically. He directed the man to the passenger seat, and the other seemed to try making up for Hiccup's hesitant handling with him brushing his hands along Hiccup as much as he can and the sculptor did end up stumbling towards the driver's seat. The drive was painstakingly long, for more than one reason, and he couldn't find it in himself to care about how his car was now gathering oil that would definitely require too much effort to wash away from the seats and floor.

When finally, _finally_, they reached the building, he ushered other!Jack to his apartment quickly, knowing that people could and _would_ talk, especially about a man Hiccup was bringing to his apartment with questionable fluids along his body and the same hairstyle only Jack could ever have managedâ€"who was _dead_ and did _not_ have white hair_. He shuddered when he'd finally found the safety of his little home and other!Jack pressed his side along Hiccup's and Hiccup shuddered again.

He didn't know if other!Jack shared his Jack's memoriesâ€"he acted like Hiccup was frighteningly, intimately familiar but he hadn't actually said Hiccup's nameâ€"and he wasn't sure he wanted to know, so without prompt, he led other!Jack to the bathroom. He opened the shower curtain with a _woosh!_ and had other!Jack enter into the shower. When he moved to pull off the hoodie and towel from other!Jack's body, other!Jack smiled adoringly at him and he furrowed his brows in embarrassment.

"The towel is there," he gestured to the towel draped in clear sight, half draped on the sink but at the very least dry, and rolled the garments together. He moved for the door, planning to look for clothes for other!Jack, but he didn't get very far before other!Jack whined, high and distressed, and latched hard onto Hiccup's own shirt.

"I have to get your clothes," Hiccup reasoned helplessly, "you can shower on your own."

Other!Jack whined again in answer, pulling on Hiccup's top towards

him.

"No, Jaâ€"uh," he hugged damp fabrics to his chest. "I can't _bathe_ you. No, Iâ€"you can do it. Just call me when you need something."

Other!Jack made another sound, insistent and pleading, yanking Hiccup to him and holding on with his other hand as well. His mouth was set to a stubborn line, brows creased with persistence and Hiccup knew that he wouldn't get away from this.

He feebly looked at the exit, and then at the soiled towel and hoodie bunched up to his chest. Other!Jack tugged again and he bit his lip.

"Okay," he grieved, "okay." He dropped the things in his hand to the floor, uncaring of the mess it made. He was scared of how other!Jack had seemingly imprinted on him, like a baby duckling to what it thought to be its mother. He didn't know what to do with the frightening fixation other!Jack had.

He rolled his sleeves up, rolled his pants up too, not caring that his clothes would get wet even with the effort. He wasn't going to shed his clothes off with other!Jack in front of him, he wasn't.

He stayed at the other side, still out of the shower, and was, for probably the first time ever, thankful that his bathroom was small and that the shower area was actually just a tub one entered where a showerhead and a faucet was located. He curled away from where the water would inevitably fall and turned the knob. The sounds of pouring shower water seemingly took over the entire room and Hiccup tried to find comfort in the mundane noise.

For the next number of minutes, he felt like he was both bathing a kid and acting out a porno scene, scrubbing away the wax and soaping out the oil. The other male's body was familiar, details his hands had long since grown accustomed to, and it was just like touching Jack. But this man's skin was cool all over, slightly chilly that it caused little goose bumps to move up his arms. He fumbled his way through the oil but soon enough, the skin turned smooth, much softer than his Jack's actually ever had. When his fingers slipped through other!Jack's, they didn't feel the calluses they were used to, but each curve stayed, each vein, each bump, and when hands curled around his wrists, they weren't the rough he was comfortable with, but the way the fingers curled, the width and length of the hands was something he found himself easing into.

Other!Jack was how his Jack just was, kicking the water that gathered and messing with his hair and getting Hiccup wet and giggling and touching him everywhere. Other!Jack gathered shower water in his mouth until his cheeks bulged like a squirrel's and Hiccup snorted softly at the water dripping from the middle of his mouth. Other!Jack swiveled his head to him, cheeks swishing along and Hiccup laughed. He started, "Heâ€"

â€"and immediately had water showered to his face.

"He-hey!" he sputtered, rubbing the water away with his hands, and other!Jack laughed, loud and manic. Hiccup glared at him and the other male covered his mouth with a hand, laughter escaping from his

fingers and the sides of the smaller's lips tugged up helplessly. Other!Jack's free hand stumbled to scrub the water across Hiccup's face and Hiccup chortled. "Stop it," Hiccup managed in between snickers, slapping away the pale hand, and other!Jack giggled for the last time before tugging on Hiccup's wet hair.

It became vastly easier after that and he didn't mind the hands that fumbled along his arms and chest, occasionally sliding across his face, and he pinched other!Jack's skin every now and then.

He was firm in having the taller dry himself, asserting, "you. Just you," as he pushed the towel to other!Jack's chest. "I will get you clothes." He narrowed his eyes even further. "Stay here."

He left quickly. He had his own clothes changed as he got some for Jack, using his shirt to dry the water that seeped through the cloth. He threw his used clothes to the hamper with a _fwump!_ and gathered other!Jack's set in his arms. They were a relatively thin sweater and a pair of pale green shorts, boxer briefs wedged between the pair. They were Jack's clothes and having this Jack wear them finally had him looking so much more like his Jack.

"Come on," he led him to the couch and seeing the familiar pattern had something that he didn't noticed was wound tight loosen. Other!Jack flopped down beside him, once again pressing his entire side to Hiccup.

Hiccup sighed, adjusting his arm to let Jack plaster himself to Hiccup and arms wound tight around his torso. Other!Jack dug his face in the area between Hiccup's neck and shoulder, shoving his smile to the hollow of Hiccup's chest.

He didn't understand if the twist in his chest was a good thing or a bad one but he started combing his fingers through snow-white hair.

* * *

><p>So the morning after I posted my wax au, I decided to read it to look for mistakes since I didn't the night before and the ending felt sorely lack so! Bonus scene!

End
file.